

THE SUEZ CANAL--- PORT SAID TO CAIRO

The Funny Things One Sees

in

Smiling Round the World

By

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It was a fine, cool morning when we reached that historic artery of water that joins the Red sea with the Mediterranean, the Suez canal.

This unprepossessing "ditch," as it has so often been called, has been held responsible almost as much as the unbridled extravagance of Ismail Pasha, for the financial ruin of Egypt, and her occupation by Great Britain.

Despite dire prophecy, and centuries of failure—for nearly every ruler of Egypt, from Seti, father of Rameses the Great to Napoleon Bonaparte, tried his hand at the problem of establishing water communication between the Mediterranean and the Red sea—the great canal has become a fixed fact in the world's history. The one-time American consul general at Cairo, Mr. Frederick Courtland Penfield, in his charming and instructive book, "Present Day Egypt," lets in much pleasant light upon the musty, old traditions of the ancient land.

Strabo, now; he's the world's earliest geographer and historian, or one of 'em, and I suppose we are bound to believe him, even when he says (he must have said it, for I've never seen any of his handwriting lying around) that 14 centuries before

he was convincing; and he finally convinced Said Pasha that the future was lettered big with the name of Ferdinand de Lesseps, and if a concession were given to him, he would make Egypt and France both immortal. He got the concession. Said cared nothing for the ancient oracle that had frightened his grandfather Mehemot, and so Fate swept on with her relentless broom and Said was gathered to his fathers; Ismail the magnificent, the extravagant, a prince of immense fortune, succeeded his uncle and also succeeded in plunging his unhappy country up to the neck in bonds and mortgages galore; Europe stepped in; England became the purchaser of Ismail's personal holding (only \$20,000,000 saved from the wreck of \$85,000,000) which he surrendered to his creditors a short time before his dethronement and banishment to Naples.

Ismail not only incurred, in his brief rule of 16 years, a debt of over \$400,000,000, but he mortgaged the souls of generations of Egyptians yet unborn.

And thus did the prophecy come true! The ancient oracle spoke not in vain. The land of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, of Alexander and Cleopatra, has passed into the hands of the stranger.

The canal's varied and almost tragic history lent an added interest to the dull and monotonous aspect that it presents, the flat sandy banks melting out into the desert, unbroken save for the occasional government stations, a steamer tied to the bank waiting for ours to pass, or a collection of mud houses belonging to Arabs, whose camels and donkeys were tethered nearby.

At times, small boys would race along the banks, easily keeping pace with the slowly moving steamer, crying for "Backsheesh," to which the passengers and crew responded by tossing fruit and packages of food and money to them.

Twice we passed large numbers of workmen mending the banks aided by droves of camels transporting sand and stone in pannier boxes.

"There's a fine engine, a splendid engine, by Jove!"

"That's an American engine," said the other man, adding, before we had lost our little glow of patriotic pride, "but we don't care for them out here, they burn such a lot of coal and are so very dirty!" To our humble suggestion that perhaps they made up for this defect by being fast, he assented condescendingly that they were fast, "but so dirty, you know!"

The great barrage, near Cairo, constructed to hold back the surplus waters and thus irrigate a larger area, was begun in 1837 from plans made



Water Jars on Their Heads.

by Mongel Bey, a Frenchman. The English tourist never lets slip a chance to boast of his country's superiority in the matter of the reincarnation of Egypt under British "occupation," and a good story is told by Consul Penfield of one of these globe-trotters who was inspecting, with a proud air, the great barrage.

"Yes, it's a great work, and these foreigners ought to better appreciate what we are doing for their good. This thing has put them on their feet, financially, sure enough, but I don't see that they show any gratitude for our having built it!"

"I beg your pardon," said the engineer in charge, "but this barrage was designed and built by French engineers."

"I didn't know that," replied the tourist, somewhat subdued, "but anyway, they have to get an Englishman to take care of it!"

"I beg your pardon again," said the gentleman with D. P. W. on his cap and shield, "I have the honor of being a native-born American citizen!"

The tourist walked away, muttering, "Well, I'm going back to the hotel before some one tells me that a Frenchman built those pyramids over there!"

At every station we saw great crowds of people and passed trains packed like sardines. Our interest was profound when we learned that they were pilgrims just starting on their long and tiresome journey to Mecca. They were bound for Port Said where they would take ship for Jaffa, from there travelling to Mecca by camel and horseback, though the great majority go all the way across the desert on foot, thereby attaining added merit. Beside assured salvation, a trip to Mecca gives a man the right to wear a turban of green, the prophet's own color, and the title of Hadji, and when he returns to his home, he would quite naturally fresco over his shop or house door the history of the pilgrimage, a purple train, a red boat, a string of green camels, and a yellow mosque before which a man in a blue turban bows himself in prayer. Beneath this highly decorative record he would henceforth sit serenely wearing his green turban, and smoking his narghila, trying to look unconscious of the looks of respectful admiration not unmixed with envy that are cast in his direction.

Solitude.

"Cyrus," hastily exclaimed Mrs. Jymes, "you ought to be careful how you let Fido eat out of your hand."

"Why, there isn't a bit of danger," said Mr. Jymes. "He wouldn't harm a fly."

"Oh, I know there's no danger to you," impatiently rejoined his wife. "I was thinking of Fido."—Chicago Tribune.

Necessity for Action.

Nan—I was astonished to learn that Lili Billiwink had gone and married that Spriggins boy. Why, she's a good ten years older than he is.

Fan—I know it, but it had narrowed down to a choice between him and his father, and she had to decide quick.—Chicago Tribune.

Well Named.

Patience—That rubber plant requires a good deal of looking after, does it not?

Patrice—Oh, yes; that's why it is called a rubber plant, I suppose.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Golfing Girl.

The golfing girl, the golfing girl, Queer are her ways and tricks; A man's heart serves her for a ball, And chappies are her "sticks."—Chicago Daily News.

WARNING FARMERS. Write Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, of San Antonio, Texas, for information about his fine South Texas farm lands that he is selling in lots from 10 to 640 acres for \$210, including two town lots on payments of \$10 per month.

Eccentricities of Genius.

"Genius is freakish. It is claimed that the brilliant Dr. Johnson used to touch every post in his pathway."

"I know one of them geniuses."

"And does he touch every post he comes across?"

"No; he touches every friend he comes across, or everlastingly tries to."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BAD ITCHING HUMOR.

Limbs Below the Knees Were Raw—Feet Swollen—Sleep Broken—Cured in 2 Days by Cuticura.

"Some two months ago I had a humor break out on my limbs below my knees. They came to look like raw beefsteak, all red, and no one knows how they itched and burned. They were so swollen that I could not get my shoes on for a week or more. I used five or six different remedies and got no help, only when applying them the burning was worse and the itching less. For two or three weeks the suffering was intense and during that time I did not sleep an hour at a time. Then one morning I tried a bit of Cuticura. From the moment it touched me the itching was gone and I have not felt a bit of it since. The swelling went down and in two days I had my shoes on and was about as usual. George B. Farley, 50 South State St., Concord, N. H., May 14, 1907."

Triumph of Mind.

Victim of Delusion—Doctor, I'm awfully afraid I'm going to have brain fever.

Doctor—Pooh, pooh, my dear friend! That's all an illusion of the senses. There is no such thing as fever. You have no fever, you have no brain fever, no material substance upon which such a wholly imaginary and supposititious thing as a fever could find any base of operation.

Victim—Oh, doctor, what a load you have taken from my—from my—I have a mind, haven't I, doctor?

That Woman's Fault.

"That woman next door is really dreadful, John," said a young married woman to her husband. "She does nothing but talk the whole day long. She cannot get any work done, I'm sure."

"Oh," remarked the husband. "I thought she was a chatterbox. And to whom does she talk?"

"Why, my dear, to me, of course," was the reply. "She talks to me over the fence."

Meeting the Unusual.

Mr. Sinic—Do you see those three people walking together down there?

Mrs. Getup—Yes; who are they?

Mr. Sinic—One is a somnambulist, one is a kleptomaniac and one is a plagiarist.

Mr. Sinic—Law sakes! I never dreamed we were going to meet so many brainy people in a bunch.—Baltimore American.

THE FIRST TASTE

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Baby.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving the babies coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. As my parents used coffee exclusively at meals I never knew there was anything to drink but coffee and water."

"And so I contracted the coffee habit early. I remember when quite young, the continual use of coffee so affected my parents that they tried roasting wheat and barley, then ground it in the coffee-mill, as a substitute for coffee. "But it did not taste right and they went back to coffee again. That was long before Postum was ever heard of. I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work, I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence."

"At night, after having coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous."

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum. My wife and I did not like it at first, but later when boiled good and strong it was fine. Now we would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever tasted."

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

HELPFUL ADVICE



You won't tell your family doctor the whole story about your private illness—you are too modest. You need not be afraid to tell Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., the things you could not explain to the doctor. Your letter will be held in the strictest confidence. From her vast correspondence with sick women during the past thirty years she may have gained the very knowledge that will help your case. Such letters as the following, from grateful women, establish beyond a doubt the power of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

to conquer all female diseases. Mrs. Norman R. Barndt, of Allentown, Pa., writes:

"Ever since I was sixteen years of age I had suffered from an organic derangement and female weakness; in consequence I had dreadful headaches and was extremely nervous. My physician said I must go through an operation to get well. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it and wrote you for advice, following your directions carefully, and thanks to you I am today a well woman, and I am telling all my friends of my experience."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ill, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

A Good Cook.

"Is your wife a good cook?" "I should say so. She knows eight different ways of disguising cold lamb."—Detroit Free Press.

WRITE AT ONCE to Dr. Chas. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas, for information how to buy from 10 to 640 acres and 2 town lots of the best land in South Texas, for \$210 payable \$10 per month.

After pleasure follows pain, and after pain follows virtue.—W. J. Locke.

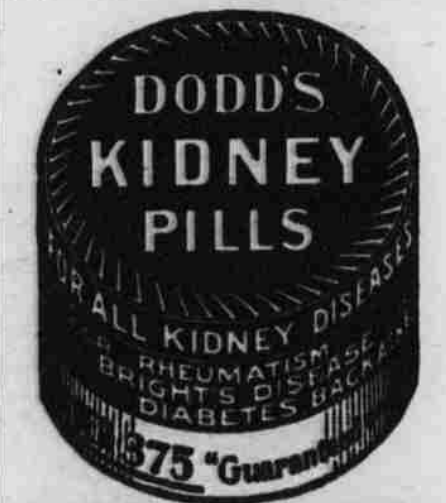
GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS.

Use the best. That's why they buy Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers 5 cents.

Many a wise-looking man is unable to deliver the goods.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

Gentleness is invincible.—Marcus Aurelius.



SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



A VENERABLE OLD MAN.

the Christian era (that's an awful long time, Strabo; but I'll not dispute the word of a gentleman) Seti cut a canal 57 miles long from Bubastis near the present town of Zizzag—I mean Zagazig—to Heroopolis, at the head of the Bitter lakes, then forming the northern extremity of the Suez gulf. Herodotus—another old-timer who juggles with centuries as the circus clown juggles with his old hat—says that 800 years later Necho the Persian tried a little canal building, keeping at it till the mere trifle of a hundred and twenty thousand lives had been sacrificed in the job, and only abandoning it when the great oracle of that day (whom he consulted) prophesied that the most dire results would follow the completion of the work, and the entire land of Egypt be given over to the stranger and the barbarian.

A century later, notwithstanding that the prophecy had been handed down from ruler to ruler, the Persian Darius took a hand; but, threatened by wise men with a deluge, gave up the job when near completion. Then Ptolemy Philadelphus—(I'll bet he was a slow-coach) B. C. 285, joined the canal with the Heroopolite gulf by means of locks, opening them when a vessel wished to pass. Cleopatra tried, a couple of centuries later, to escape with her ships to the Red sea, but it was too tight a squeeze even for this lady of many squeezes, the locks being rusty from want of use or from not being greased in a century or so, and the Egyptian beauty found that her fate must run in other channels.

Then, successively, the Roman emperors Trajan and Hadrian; the Arabian conqueror Amron; the great Napoleon, who held the hollow of the Heavens in his usurping hand; Mehemet Ali, who had butchered 400 Mamelukes before supper, but had not the daring to brave the ancient prophecy; French engineers, English engineers, Austrian engineers, each and all, tried their hand, but to no definite end. They disagreed as to the level of the two seas. Napoleon's engineers estimated that the Mediterranean was 30 feet below the level of the Red sea, calling for a scheme of sluices and locks. Waghorn, an Englishman, declared that the level of the two waters was identical.

Meanwhile, a young Frenchman was dreaming dreams; he was eloquent;

Great stream dredgers were frequently passed working constantly to keep the canal passable for steamers, as sand and silt are continually filling it up.

Port Said is a town of some importance, very much larger than Suez, but in the flying glimpse we caught of it in the course of a wild, early-morning ride to catch the train for Cairo, we were impressed by its dirt and noise more than by anything else.

The ride to Cairo was tiresome for many reasons, chiefly because of the dust and flies, and a family who



The Mud Houses.

shared the compartment with us, together with a mountain of luggage. The changing interest of the landscape, however, made us forget the annoyances, for were not the scenes of the Bible spread out before us like an open book. The shepherd with his flock, the camels either resting or marching slowly, the mud houses surrounded by palms, the women carrying water jars on their heads, walking gleefully, swinging lightly from their hips. A family working among the fertile fields; little girls tending goats and winding wool on a distaff as they watched, or else a venerable old man in floating draperies riding a diminutive donkey.

During the ride we were much edified by one of the English party with us saying as we passed a station: